

ONLY THROUGH LOVE

By ANNE HIBBARD

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Katherine had been spending the afternoon at the art exhibition. When she was leaving she pushed her way through the hall, and near the door passed the same gay group who had caught her attention once before. They did not see her this time, she was sure, Louise was eagerly criticizing a picture with a tall young lady, and her brother was leaning over his pretty blonde companion with some laughing remark. No, they did not see her. She ran down the stairs, and walked quickly along the crowded promenade, trying not to think. Why did she feel so hurt and angry, and so inclined to cry? Why should they have cared to recognize her—a girl in a shabby gown? It was more than a year since they had seen her, and then only for a few weeks—but then had been such good friends during that short time. True, it was in a country village, where there was no fashionable society, and boarding at the same farm house, where were the two men together, and she was a very pleasant companion and had the knack of finding the shadiest rides, and the places where the blackberries grew thickest.

If it had been anyone but Louise and her brother, she checked a thought and turned into a side street. It was almost deserted, and hardly half a square away was a tall young man coming toward her. She recognized him instantly, and her first impulse was to turn back. But no, he might have seen her—she would not run away. She threw her head proudly up, and looked straight before her. He might recognize her now—he was alone, but she would not see him. He was quite near now, and her heart was beating fast. Would he pass her by?

Miss Graydon! The joyful surprise in his tone sounded very genuine, but she would not notice it.

How do you do, Dr. Leigh? she said coldly, ignoring his outstretched hand. Her expression changed.

Are you not going to shake hands with me, Miss Katherine?

She put her hand unwillingly into his.

How long have you been in town? Where are you stopping? he questioned.

I have been in town eight months," she said distinctly, "and I am boarding in South Benton street." She took especial satisfaction in naming the unfashionable quarter.

Katherine was an orphan and was trying hard to cultivate her voice. She managed to make ends meet by taking pupils of her own.

They walked on in silence a few minutes. They had turned into a street where the houses were tall and shabby and built close together.

"And you are living down here?" he said, indicating the seemingly endless row of houses. "Alone, Miss Katherine?"

"Yes, alone. My landlady and her family are very respectable and good-hearted, but hardly congenial. Yes, I am practically alone. This is the place. I can't ask you in, Dr. Leigh—I have too much consideration for your feelings. Mrs. Hawkins' front parlor is something to weep over."

Now and then Katherine met Dr. Leigh walking in Benton street, and he always joined her, looking surprised and pleased.

She knew he worked hard at his profession, and also that the large fortune left by his father rendered it quite unnecessary. She ventured to question him once when the subject was touched upon.

"I love my work," he said. "And I should not be happy idle."

"But you need not be idle. There are a hundred things to interest one and fill one's time."

Katherine began to look forward to these walks and talks, and to the great bunches of violets and hot-house roses she often found in her room, with Murray Leigh's card attached.

One day she found her washerwoman waiting for her with the plea that she would come to see her sick daughter.

"I hate to bother you, miss, but my girl is dying," she said, and it seems like she would sit there if you would come a-sing for her. She's that low-spirited she can't get well. It's that terrible la grippe, miss."

So Katherine went, taking with her Louise's lavish gift of flowers.

"I can at least add a little brightness to some one else's life," she thought, and herself, felt braver for the good it did the child.

She went often after that, not knowing how often she barely missed meeting Dr. Leigh on the narrow staircases. One evening Murray Leigh stopped quietly to listen a moment at the half-open door. When the song was finished he entered without knocking, and Katherine rose, flushed and surprised, and bade the invalid a hurried "Good night."

"Wait five minutes, Miss Graydon, and I will go home with you," Leigh said.

"Oh, I am not in the least timid. I will not trouble you, Dr. Leigh. Good night, Mamma."

She hurried through the doorway, but Leigh followed her.

"If you won't wait for me, Miss Graydon," he said, blocking the passage, "I will leave my patient and go with you now."

He smiled, but Katherine thought

he looked very determined. For a moment she hesitated, half inclined to resent his tone. Then she said: "Very well, I will wait at the street door."

In a few minutes he joined her there. It was quite dark now, except for the stars that were out in force, and as they stepped out into the empty street, Katherine felt glad that she was not alone.

"So you are the Dr. Leigh they regard with such reverence," she said. "My landlady said they employed some sort of quack, she thought."

Leigh laughed. "And you are their Lady Bountiful. I did not dream of meeting you there, Miss Graydon."

"I dare say not," she answered. "You thought such a butterfly as I would seek gayer haunts."

He looked down at her in quick surprise, for it was the first touch of bitterness he had heard from her.

"You have done my patient no end of good," he said, cheerfully, ignoring her tone. "She will be up in a day or two. But I'm afraid you've given away my flowers."

"Not all of them," said Katherine, glancing down at a tiny bunch of vio-



"Say You Will Marry Me, Kitty?"

lets pinned on his jacket. "I am glad you've had a successful fight with that terrible la grippe." She laughed a little, but the laugh was very near to tears.

"They have been doing very well since Malloy died," Dr. Leigh said. "The son is a great help to his mother, and the daughter, too, is a good little thing. They seem quite contented in their hard, narrow life. Poor things!"

"I don't pity them," Katherine exclaimed. "I envy them."

"Oh, no!" said Dr. Leigh. "It surely might be worse, but I don't understand your envying them."

"If you had ever been alone, you would."

"Poor little girl!" muttered Leigh. His own heart was beating rapidly. At last he said in a low tone:

"You need not be alone a day longer. You know that, don't you, Katherine?"

Katherine almost stopped, as she turned to look at him, startled.

"I know you don't care for me," he went on; "though you like me well enough in a friendly way; your manner has always made that clear. But, Katherine, I could make you care if you were my wife, and at least you would not be alone nor have that horrible dreariness of teaching. Is not that reason enough for marrying me?"

"I should have to be far worse off than I am," she answered, slowly, "before I could do that."

"Don't you think that is a little hard?" he said, somewhat bitterly.

Then Katherine broke down and buried her face in her handkerchief. "You misunderstood me—I am very sorry."

"Then prove that you are sorry by saying you will marry me."

He waited a minute and then took the hand which lay on his arm.

"If you know how I love you, dear," he said, persuasively. "Kitty—I have always longed to call you that—say you will marry me, Kitty—"

"I will marry you—"

"Kitty!"

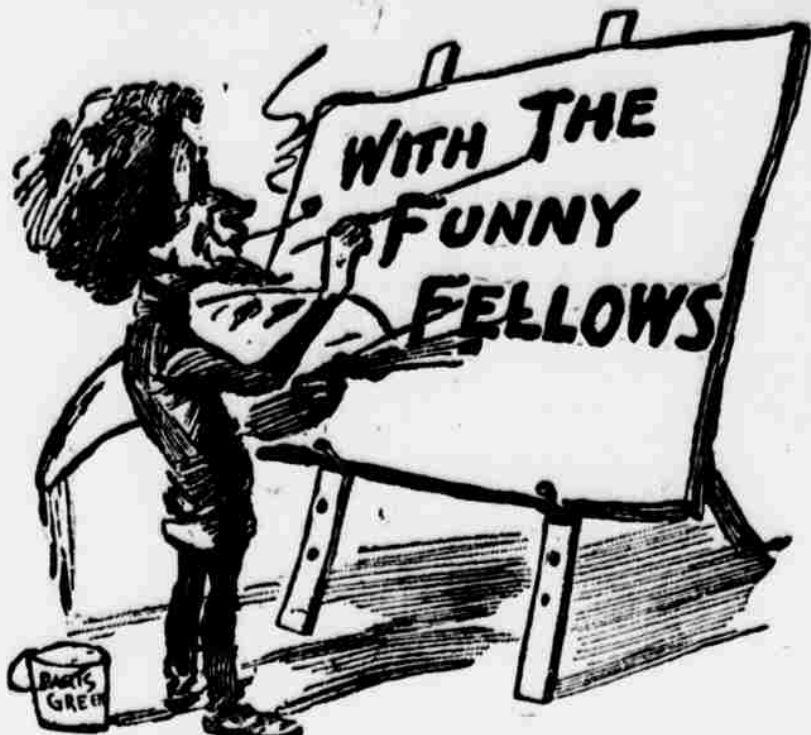
"Because—" She hesitated. "My darling, I don't care why! So long as you marry me, it makes no difference."

"It makes a difference to me. I would never marry for the reasons you gave. I will marry you because—I love you."

And though they were in the full glare of the electric light, he put his arms about her, and bent and kissed her lips.

"I am the happiest fellow in the world!" he said.

"It is hard to believe that I am the same miserable girl who left here two hours ago," Katherine said, when she bade him "Good night." "What a wonderful difference love can make in one's life!"



WILLIE WISEBOY'S ORDERS.

"Waiter," said the man who had been puzzling over the bill-of-fare in the get-full-quick restaurant, "what is that fellow opposite me eating so heartily?"

"Hamburger steak and onions, sir."

"Great Scott! but what an idiot! He'll suffer all afternoon from indigestion. What's the man next to him eating?"

"Ham and eggs, sir."

"He's another idiot. Anyone ought to know in this enlightened age that stuff of that kind is dangerous to eat. What's the tall fellow with the red tie eating so ravenously?"

"Griddle-cakes, sir."

"Griddle-cakes, eh? Well, I wouldn't want to feel as badly as he's going to in about an hour from now. Might just as well eat rubber as those things. That old gentleman next to him is apparently relishing something."

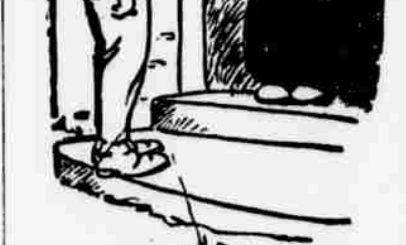
"Pigs' knuckles and sauer kraut, sir."

"The old know-nothing! Pigs' knuckles and sauer kraut! Why, he's liable to drop dead before he gets back to the office. Why don't people read up a bit on what they should eat, and not order stuff simply because it tastes good? It's no wonder you see a long list of deaths in the paper every morning."

"What are you going to have to-day, sir?"

"You may bring me lobster salad and a dish of ice cream."—Judge.

CHEAP HEAT.



Prospective Boarder—How is the room heated?

Landlady—By the solar system—the sun shines in the front windows three hours every day.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Ancient References.

Lady (to applicant for position as domestic)—My goodness! This reference is signed by Mrs. Upton.

Applicant—Yes, mum, after I'd been there a while, mum.

"But Mrs. Upton has been dead for 20 years."

"Is that so? Well! Well! It's a wan place after another O've been gettin' on that character for 25 years an' O've never heard before that the poor lady was dead. Heaven rest her soul!"—N. Y. Weekly.

A Mistake.

"He said I had no manners."

"He's dead wrong. You have a lot of the worst manners I ever saw."—Cleveland Leader.

SO NOW.



"What a lot of gowns for a short trip! And I told you especially to be economical!"

"Well, I got a second-hand timetable!"—Kleine Witzblatt.

HOPE ON.

When clouds are low and nights are black, And starless grows the weary track, Hope on! for some day skies of blue Will bend and light the way for you.

When old the world and gray the day, And weary grows the toilsome way, Hope on, hold fast, in your despair, For skies will some day blossom fair.

Hope on, and build your castles strong—Have faith, although the road be long. The sun will soon come drifting through, And blue skies light the way for you!—Milwaukee Sentinel.

COULDN'T CATCH THE DOCTOR.



Deduced—Here, I say, doctor, what kind of medicine will cure my cold? Dr. Smart—The kind I prescribe.

Ego.

Jones—What is Newlywed Bigghead looking so glum about?

Smith—Why, the gipsy fortune-teller just told his wife that she would have two husbands, and that the second one would be a very fine sort of a man.

Jones—Ha ha! And Bigghead thinks that is a reflection on him, I suppose?

Smith—Oh, no! He thinks his wife must have been married before, and never told him.

Precocious.

"Thumper occasionally says things that are wonderfully apropos," said one statesman.

"Yes," answered the other; "he's like our parrot at home. It doesn't know much, but what it does know it keeps repeating until some circumstance arises that makes the remark seem marvelously apt."

DEDUCTION.



Alice—I rather like that young Thompson. He has such a good, firm mouth and chin.

Hazel—Goodness! Has he been kissing you, too?—Chicago Journal.

No Sense of Humor.

Little Bobby was entertaining Mr. Geezer while Miss Flipper was upstairs adjusting her back hair and giving her face a few final dabs with the powder puff. "My sister says you ain't got no idea of humor," said Bobby.

"Indeed!" Mr. Geezer returned, "when did she say that?"

"Just after you was here the last time. She said she saw you lookin' at yourself in the mirror and you never laughed wunst."

What It Means.

"Pa, what does it mean when it says that a man has filed a cross-bill?"

"It means, my boy, that he has taken advantage of his first opportunity to talk back."—Detroit Free Press.

EARLY RISING IS CONDEMNED.

A Habit Which May Severely Tax the Vital Powers.

There is no adequate support for the impression that the early morning hours are in any way more wholesome or healthy than later periods of the day. Except in summer time they are apt to be damp, foggy, chilly and among the least desirable hours of daylight. It is quite true that during the summer there is a sense of exhilaration about being abroad in these early morning hours, but this evaporates with the dew and is apt to be succeeded by a corresponding depression and loss of working power later in the day. I have been observing my friends and patients for the past 20 years in this respect, and am inclined to the opinion that not a little of the depression and nervousness which commonly develop in hot weather is due to excessive exposure to light, from habits of early rising, inherited from agricultural ancestors, not counteracted by three to four hours' rest in darkened rooms in the middle of the day.

Secondly, the exhilaration experienced during the early morning hours is an expensive luxury which has to be paid for later in the day. In fact, I have found that as a general rule, to put it very roughly, the business or professional man who rises an hour before 7:30 or 8, goes to bed, or loses his working power, an hour and a half earlier in the evening. Each individual has in the beginning of his day about so much working power stored up in his brain and muscle cells. If he uses this up with great rapidity in the early morning hours he naturally exhausts his stock the sooner in the afternoon.

It is largely a matter of when a man wishes to be at his best. If his occupation is of such a character that he can clear off the brunt of his work in the early morning hours, then let him rise early. If on the other hand he requires full vigor and readiness of mind and body in the latter part of the day, or at night, then he must rise later to get it. Even in pure muscle work it is false economy to work too long hours.—American Magazine.

Gold Nugget Worth About \$900.

The largest nugget ever brought out of the Copper river district is lodged in the safe of the Arlington hotel. The nugget is the property of Dan Kain, who made a rich strike in the Shushinta district. Kain brought the nugget down with him from Alaska, together with a considerable number of smaller nuggets and gold dust, estimated at various amounts running into the hundreds of thousands of dollars by Kain's acquaintances, but the exact amount of which Kain refuses to disclose.

This particular nugget weighs 51 ounces, and is pronounced by those who have seen it to be one of the handsomest ever brought out of Alaska. Kain estimates it to be worth about \$18 an ounce, which would bring its value to something over \$900.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Too Late.

Marshall P. Wilder, the noted humorist, told a stuttering story at a dinner in Chicago.

"I hate stuttering stories as a rule," he said, "but this one is rather good. It is about two blacksmiths, both stutterers. The first snatched up a red-hot lump of iron from the forge, rushed with it to the anvil, and then began this conversation: 'N-n-now th-th-then, st-strike! Qu-quickly!'

"W-w-where shall I s-strike?"

"J-j-just at the end. H-h-hurry up."

"Th-th-this end?"

"Yes, of c-c-course. Mind you hit s-straight."

"All r-r-right. N-n-now! Shall I l-let her g-g-go?"

"N-n—you f-fool, the iron's c-c-old."

Oil Well Pays Preacher's Salary.

A few years ago Rev. George Wood Anderson organized the Epworth Episcopal church, and later secured sufficient funds to erect a modern stone structure. Knowing there was oil about Lima, he conceived the idea of boring a well in the church's back lot.

A subscription paper was passed, \$1,200 was pledged to make up losses if they came, and Rev. Mr. Anderson started his oil well. It proved a small type gusher, and ever since the oil well, operated daily by a gas engine, which also operates the church heating and lighting plant, has been pouring out sufficient crude oil to not only pay the minister's salary and all other church expenses, but to make up a bank account big enough to build the church over again.—Lima Cor. Columbus Dispatch.

Human Nature.

"Good morning, parson."

"Good morning, deacon. As I was coming along just now I saw a fight between a brindle bulldog and a mastiff. And, upon my word, deacon, more than 50 men were standing around. How can people take an interest in such things?"

"I dunno, parson. Which dawg won?"

Trouble in the Jungle.

"What's the row here?" demanded the elephant.

"The monkey has just given the giraffe a shave and a haircut," explained the other animals. "The giraffe is insisting on having his neck shaved for nothing, and the monkey won't stand for it."

WESTERN CANADA A WINNER

THE CROP OF 1907 IS AN EXCELLENT ONE.

Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta Farmers Doing Well.

The interest that Western Canada has aroused for some years past is growing in intensity. The conditions of the crop of 1907 are such that results can be spoken of with some degree of certainty. The yield of grain will be about 80,000,000 bushels and the price the farmers will realize for it will be upwards of seventy million dollars. The oat crop was good in most places, and the crop of barley will be very remunerative. Those who know of the generally unsatisfactory conditions during the seeding, growing and ripening period in the United States during the past season, will look with righteous distrust on any statement intended to give the impression that Western Canada conditions were so much different. Generally, they were not, but the conditions of a highly recuperative soil, long and continuous sunshine, are conditions possessed by Western Canada and not possessed by any other country on the Continent. This is why it is possible to record today a fairly successful crop, when in most other places the opposite is the case. The yield in all grains is less than last year, but the higher prices obtained more than offset any falling off in the yield. Take for instance the Province of Saskatchewan the wheat crop will be worth \$21,135,000. Last year the same crop was 35 per cent. larger and the quality better. The yield was worth \$24,000,000. Oats and barley are very important factors in all three central Provinces. At Gladstone, Manitoba, returns from one farm were \$27 per acre from the wheat land, \$35 per acre from oats, and \$30 per acre from barley. The yield of wheat at Dauphin, Manitoba, was 20 to 24 bushels to the acre but not of a very good grade, but the yield of barley in that section was good and so was the quality and price. At Meadow Lea, Manitoba, 15 to 20 bushels to the acre were thrashed, bringing a round dollar on the market. At Oak Lake, Manitoba, on some fields where 21 bushels were expected, twelve and fifteen was the result; others again where twenty was looked for gave twenty-two to twenty-five. One special patch south of town on J. M. McFarlane's farm went as high as thirty bushels to the acre. At Shebo, Saskatchewan, oats yielded from 60 to 65 bushels to the acre. Sam Wunder thrashed 2,500 bushels from forty acres. The sample is good and weighs well. At Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, W. Bibby thrashed 97 bushels of oats to the acre, and two others were but little behind. Wheat here reached 35 bushels. At Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, from a quarter section all in crop, Alex. McKinnon of Ingleside thrashed an average of 33 bushels No. 1 Northern. I. J. Grant had 190 acres, yielding 6,000 bushels of the same grade. These illustrations taken from widely distant districts (and thousands of others could be produced) show that the year 1907 has not felt the serious effects from severe winter, late spring, or unfavorable conditions during the growing season that might have been anticipated. In order to learn more about this country write to the Canadian Government Agent whose address appears elsewhere, and get a copy of the new Last Best West, which he will be pleased to mail you free.

A Relief.

Smith started up into a sitting posture.

"Who are you?" he cried.

The masked figure with the dark lantern and sawed-off shotgun turned, nonplused for the moment, from the bureau, and said, confusedly:

"Why, I am a—burglar."

Smith settled back upon the pillow, drawing the warm coverlets about his shoulders.

"Thank goodness," he murmured, sleepily; "I thought you were a plumber."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from a reputable physician, as the damage they will do to you is too great to be cured by any means. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 50c. per bottle. Try it. Take Hall's Family Tonic for constipation.

Lightning Photographed Vase.

During a thunderstorm a remarkable incident happened at a house near Deal, England, the lightning imprinting a perfect photograph of a flower vase on a mirror before which it stood.

Those Delicious Lemon Pies.

The kind that "make your mouth water" are easily made with no fussing and at least possible expense if you use "OUR-PIE" Preparation. Don't you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 50c. per bottle. Try it. Take Hall's Family Tonic for constipation.

Paradoxical though it may seem, the light bills rendered by an illuminating company are usually heavy.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS

Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

The thrifty housewife never attains perfection, for she is always mending.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 50 cigar made of rich, mellow tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Much that passes for patience is simply laziness